But her indomitable spirit did not

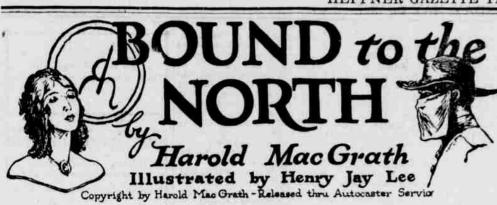
"The name!"

"Smells a rat, likely."

I've been threatened again."

he exception

There were several arms of the



Jeanne Beaufort, beautiful daugh-er of a Viveinia planter, has lost have ter of a Virginia planter, has tost her union officer whom she tells her as father and two brothers in the Civil sumed name. War. (The year 1864.) She swears to

Mrs. Wetmore, her aunt, that she will carry out the Biblical injunction for vengeance-"an eye for an eye!" While at Richmond she meets Henry Morgan, a debonair young officer, who falls in love with her. She repels his advances. She is en-

She repels his advances. She is engaged as a spy for the Confederate government and urged to use all the wise and power of her sex to find one Parson Kennedy and bring him within the Southern lines. It is planned to have her make headquarters with a family of southern sympathy in Washington. Jeanne learns telegraphy and other technical branches of her new calling. And clad as a of her new calling. And clad as a Morga boy often in the Blue of the North, from? she makes her way through the lines. She learns of an organization of eleven Union spies and of their meeting place in a Richmond loft. As she overhears the leader address the masked men seated about a table, Jeanne is discovered and dragged into the room. The leader unmasks as he threatens her with death, but is dissunded from shooting her by the sug-gestion from one of the men that one of their number marry her. She consents and when one of the masked a dared not. I fancy I am being

men volunteers to marry she refuses and claims the right to choose. She rejects the volunteer and selects the one who suggested the marrisge. Him she names "Irony." To her surprise the leader is no other than Parson John Kennedy. He per-forms the ceremony. "Irony" says his name is among those who sign as witnesses, (just before they leave her bound), in the following code

> John Kennedy, D.D. H-RD-M P-PA-G J-NK-F C-WG-L A-NK-S G-RD-A F-WG-S W-BE-H

Later Jeanne learns that Morgan a spy.

To her surprise she receives a letter bearing the curious device she had seen tatooed on her husband's arm. The letter, ironical in its tone, shows that her unknown husband is still in Richmond and knows the name and identity of his wife! She cuts lng the cracks in the sidewalk, her hair, stains her face and, going "Mr. Morgan!" she called. to Baltimore, assumes the name of Alice Trent, not knowing such a person lived in Baltimore.

An intoxicated man accosts Jeanne |

CHAPTER X WASHINGTON

Jeanne's hostess gave a reception in September to one of the South American ministers; and it was at this affair that Morgan was presented to "Alice Trent" while she was engaged in animated debate with Cap-tain Armitage. She made room for

the new arrival, and for a while di-vided her attention and attractions between the two men. She was called away presently.

"Charming young woman," was Morgan's comment. "Where is she

"Baltimore, I believe." Armitage turned an inquiring eye upon Mor-gan. "Where do you keep yourself?" "Under the Senator's thumb. I am "Going?"—as Armitage rose.
"Work." With a curt nod Armi-

tage departed. When he was sure that Armitage had left the house, Morgan went in search of Jeanne.

uses watched—for what purpose I don't know as yet. I am mailing you a diagram of a certain house. There will be a secret passage to the attic. To there drawer you will place once a week—there drawer you will place once a week—there preferably Thursdays—whatever imperportant facts you pick up. I'll attend to the rest of it."

to the rest of it."
"If you will be at the Capitel at nine tomorrow morning, I'll give you something to do for me personally."
"I am always and ever at your service. Good-by, then, until tomorrow"
He went away with the old enigmatical smile on his lips; and Jeanne

fell to comparing the two men. When a young woman begins to compare two men of her acquaintance, it is a danger-signal for one of them: she is about to place in her permanent regard one above the other.

Promptly at nine that next morn-ing Jeanne stopped her carriage before the Capitol. Morgan was strolling along, apparently engaged in

He looked up, paused and raised

his hat. "Good morning, Miss Trent."

All this was of course for the ben-cht of the driver. When they were on the way, when the noise drowned their voices, she handed him a note.

He opened it. "What's this?" "I want you to find out who these men are. They belong to the Secret Service, or an arm of it. One of them will have a tattooed mark on his left forearm. Have you ever run across

a man named Parson Kennedy?"
"The Parson? Frequently."
"I want that man where I can talk to him undisturbed. He can tell me what those letters mean."

"Would an abduction serve?"
"It would."

"Then everything falls out nicely. And the reward?"

And the reward?"
"We'll talk of that later."
"We'll, you shall see Parson Kennedy twice to-night-once at Sumner's and again in a certain but by the Potomac. I'll give you the directions. But what's in the air?"
"That is my affair." But she soft-

ned the retort with a smile. ened the retort with a smile.
"You are wearing a wig; you have
died your skin. If I did not know
you with the eyes of love, I'd have
some difficulty in recognizing you.
Please pardon my asking you a question: your arms and shoulders?"
"I have not neglected them. You

but beyond that, nothing.

"Who can say? Do you think I will ever give you up?" "Here is your recruiting station.
I had best drop you. What is that soldier tacking up! Dead or Alive!'
Read it—then come and tell me." He came back, smiling with his tips but covertly warning her with

his eyes.
"It is a dodger for the apprehension of Jeanne Beaufort, dead or alive medium height, slender, handsome, dark eyes, very pale, duil copper-colnair; wears boy's clothes successfully.'

essfully."
"A woman spy? How interesting!"
"Before God, you are a gallant wo-nan!" he whispered. Aloud he said:
"Thanks for the lift, Miss Trent." She smiled back at him as she drove

"Dead or alive. But she went shop-Jeanne Beaufort, dead or alive! tering into his beard, while the two

men cowering inside swore softly in and how long that arm suddenly chagrin.

reaching out for her! So, after all But they in turn had for once these months, they had found out who she was? Slender, handsome, very looked farther ahead than Parson Kennedy; and before he had walked she was? Siender, handsome, very pale. Immediately everything became eyes.

Dead or alive! She was a coward. She wanted to run away and hide; she wanted the strong, comforting arms of her Aunt Delia; she wanted her room at home.

When he came out of his stupor he found himself securely bound to a superman.

chair. Near by was a common table long remain crushed.

She traced this catastrophe to the man who had entered her room. She knew now that he had been hunting for her photograph. Well, he hadn't Whe and on this a single candle burned.
A cabin—but where? How far was ne from the city? Where was Armi-

"Step in and I'll drop you wherever found it. She possessed but one, and that was at home. After all, she had been expecting this. She had known that is very good of you. I was that she could not go an forever, intons. The work is slow."

All this was of course for the ben
for her photograph. Well, he had? I was the had how you forms by the cabin door. The smaller spoke in a half-whisper.

"Send the men away, and you guard definitely, without leaving some positive trace of her individuality. Let them catch her if they could; fore
them catch her if they could; fore
The is a dangerous man."

"Not at this moment. Do as I say."

warned and forearmed.

She reached home at noon, at the The taller man west out reluctantly to obey orders. A boyish figure precise moment Parson John Kenne-dy entered the private office of the chief of the Secret Service bureau. approached Parson Kennedy and could not see the face, for the hat "Kennedy, we've found the name of your scorpion, as you call her. We've sent out dodgers, 'dead or alive' stuff.

The description is meager because "Parson Kennedy, look at this care-

G-RD-A is a bumpkin where women fully." The speaker drew out a foldare concerned. A paper found on a sid sheet of paper, opened it and held dead man and signed opened up the way for G-RD-A. He has seen her but strained at his bonds his eyes pro-

cnce, and this description is from truding.
memory." truding.
"You remember that, then?" asked "The name!"

"Wait a moment. You told me a remarkable tale the other night, or "Tell me the names of each o

part of one. I have every reason to these men, and you shall go free. Rebelieve that that young woman and fuse, and you shall be carried to Richyour scorpion are one and the same. Her name is Jeanne Beaufort; and the neck."

she is particularly good in assuming boy and young men roles."

"He has set out to find a photograph of her, and if there is one, he'll his irons. "Yes, I know you, you litgraph of her, and if there is one, he'll his irons. 'Yes, I know you, you lit-get it. tle viper! Carry me away and hang "Jeanne Benufort—if we find her, me, but never a word will you get out it will be in Washington, mark my of me. That's final. You'll suffer, wonder always who the man was. I now. But think you to dig it out of my lips?"
A face appeared at the side window

"They have hanged poor Fogarty."
Kennedy bent his head. "He was a brave young man. I came to ask for Armitage. I want him to flolow me for the next twelve hours and never let me slip out of his sight.

I've been threatened again."

A tace appeared at the side window and vanished hastily.

"I will say this much, Jeanne Beaudid not shoot you out of hand when I had the opportunity."

Jeanne returned the paper to her necket. She turned toward the dear

pocket. She turned toward the door, "You shall have Armitage. I'm only to pause in alarm. She heard glad you spoke as you did. He was about to rejoin his regiment." crashed against the rotting boards. A moment later a revolver cracked; two Secret Service in those days, and the shots followed; then came a tramp-most important was of course the ling of feet, and then silence. The military.

The War Office and Secret Service ly. He wore a handkerchief over the sureau had authority to draw a man lower part of his face.

from his regiment in all cases except 'Don't move," he warned Jeanne, when he was under fire. A good spy had to be a ready thinker, of flash- With one hand holding a steady weapimpulses, of swift invention-and on, he worked with the other at the above all, young. It was the middle-aged who carefully weighed every- "Don't let her get away.

aged who carefully weighed everything and then started forward just prize, what a prize!" cried Kennedy a little too late. Parson Kennedy was The revolver wavered, Jeanne swep the exception.

When he left the Sumner place that that and flew to the door unerring.

night he dismissed his hired carriage.
The bribed coachman drove off, muttering into his beard, while the two "Quick! The others will be com

"Do you know who that was?"

whispered Kennedy.
"God knows, I shall never cease to remember that night!"
"Pah!"

"She got away."

"Aye! And through your maudlin sentiments you have freed her!"

In the small hours of that morning They groped hurriedly for the door, at man sat wearly at a table, his bare left arm stretched across, throwing themselves down into the thicket.

"Do you know who that man arm toward the across it. At the other side was a tattooer. He was putting on the inshing touches of a sircle with the Greek-like letters in the center.

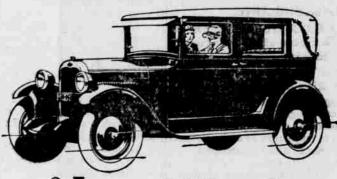
(Continued Next Week)

Wanted-farmer or farmer's son to nell staple line of household necessities to rural trade. Experience un-"She got away."
"You speak as if you were glad of it?"
"I am."
"Milksop! That woman is Jeanne Beaufort; and you have let her go!"
"Jeanne Beaufort!"
"Anal Action you may be a sent and the sent are sent as a sent are sent a

Horse pasture, \$2 per month. Geo. Hayden, Hardman. 8-11

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